

'J *AND PARTEENOPHE.*
CANZO'N. 463



ODE

15. ULCAN, in
Lemnos Isle, Did
golden 'shafts compile
For CUPID'S bow.
Then VENUS did, with honey
sweet, To make it please,
anoint the pile.
CUPID below
Dipped it in gall, and made it
meet Poor wounded creatures
to beguile*

When MARS returned from
war, Shaking his spear
afar;

CUPID beheld!
At him, in jest, MARS shook his
spear ! Which CUPID, with his
dart did bat
(Which millions quelled),
Then, MARS desired his dart to
bear : But soon the weight* his
force did mar !

Then MARS subdued,
desired (Since he was
with it tired)

CUPID to take it
" Nay, you shall keep it! " CUPID
said; " For first to feel it you
required*

Wound I will make it As
deep as yours ! You me did
fear; And for that, you shall
be fired! "

C ANZQN 3,



SWEET is the golden Cowslip bright and
fair! Ten times more sweet, more golden,
fair, and bright, Thy Tresses! in rich
trammelled knots, resembling-VENUS*
swan's back is lovely, smooth* and
white ! More lovely, smooth, and white
his feathers are, The silver lustre of thy
Brows dissembling!